

JACK FROST ARRIVES ON BUTTERNUT HILL

Pictures & Story by Harrison Cady



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THE
BUZZ
COASTING
CLUB

THIS BOOK IS MINE
MY NAME I SIGN—
Jetta Couch



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PICTURES & STORY BY HARRISON CADY



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"Hurry!"
he shouted.



"My!" exclaimed little Mr. Beetle, jumping right into the air. "What's up?"

"Up?" shouted Mr. Squirrel, the nimble town crier. "There's a coasting carnival on for tonight on Butternut Hill, and every one's invited."

Better news could not have been told the folks on Butternut Hill, who had long awaited the arrival of Jack Frost. A coasting carnival was great fun, and no one wanted to miss it. No one did. Almost before Squirrel, the town crier, had finished his job, they were on their way up to the hill.



Buddy Frog had hurried up the hill at an early hour. Lanterns were to be strung everywhere, and Buddy was in charge of this work. He worked very swiftly and was glad to see Mr. Beetle and his friends bring more lanterns.

“Hurry!” he shouted to them. Mr. Beetle ran the faster, while his friends, who were on a sled, were even swifter.

They worked very quickly, anxious to finish their tasks and begin their fun.

Even before they were through, the squirrel trio had arrived. How warm and comfortable they were. They were followed very quickly by Danny Porcupine, Bobby Beaver, Johnny Mouse, Old Mr. Turtle, and many others.



Mr. Squirrel, The
Nimble Town Crier



"Let's go," said Bobby Beaver, anxious to lose no time at all. The rest needed no other invitation, and so they had had almost an hour of fun before the Carnival Committee arrived. The Bugville Band had only been waiting until this moment, and now they waited no longer.

"Toot, toot, toot," they tuned, and then they

played the frolicsome song of "Folks Are Gay on Butternut Hill." No sooner had the band started than the lantern lights appeared in all their colors.

"Fine," said Sammy Snail, who had only just arrived.

"Very splendid," said Ol' Mr. Owl.



Lanterns were everywhere

Now the fun was on in earnest. What fine coasting there was! Fancy coasting, reckless coasting, every kind of coasting.

A far off in the Great Forest, the Bun- nies had received the news quite late. Anx- ious not to lose any time, they had hurried, Mother Funny Bunny taking good care to see that they were warmly dressed. In one hour after they had heard the news, they had ap- peared on Butternut Hill to be greeted quite warmly by every one.





The news had
reached the
Funny-Bunnies



They were all having such a happy time that it was even fun for them to trot up the hill after coasting down each time. Danny Porcupine found it hard work. How he puffed and puffed as he made slow headway back to the starting point.

The Carnival Committee were worried about the very reckless coasting of some, and not without good reason, for it was very, very dangerous

Dangerous sport for
the reckless ones





They were on their way
to Butternut Hill



The Snow Birds discussed it all

But warnings did no good, and it was strange there were no more accidents than there were.

Until late in the night they were still making their way to the top of Butternut Hill, for they came from very far points.

“When do we eat?” asked Dicky Snow Bird.

“I hope it’s soon,” replied Oscar, his brother. The Snow Birds grouped together to watch it all, but mostly to wonder about the food.

Pulling his youngsters up the hill



Old Uncle Beetle found it great fun to pull his nephews up the hill. Of course they were not very heavy, but Uncle Beetle was happy in seeing them enjoy it so much. The little beetles laughed at the clumsy turtles and their way of coasting. So did many others.



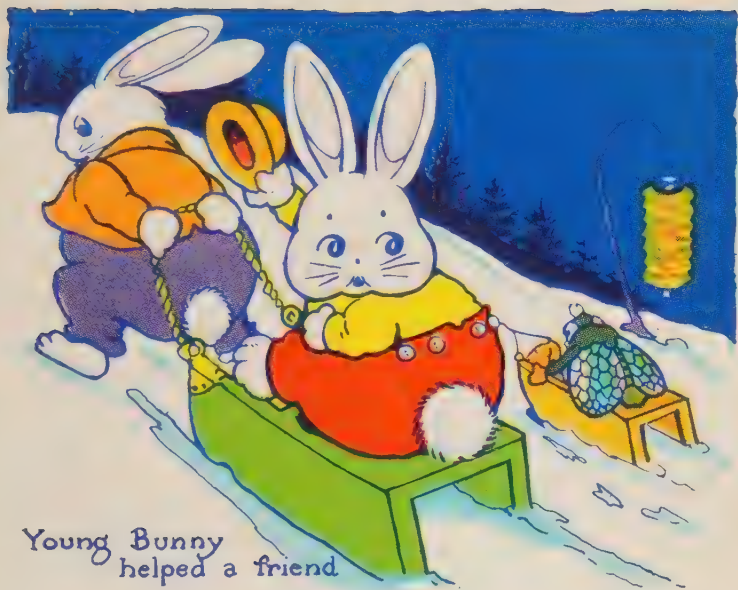
There were many ways of coasting

But they all stopped to watch young Danny Squirrel. He surely was an expert, and what fancy tricks he tried. He was not the only one. Jack Skunk, Peter Rabbit, and Danny Beaver, the brother of Bobby Beaver, were almost as good, and some thought Bobby Beaver was even better.

Peter Woodchuck, with an eye to business, had opened a stand with juicy tidbits and nuts for all. He was very busy every minute, for the folks of Butter-nut Hill grew hungry as the hours flew swiftly by.



The Squirrel was an expert



Young Bunny
helped a friend

Young Bunny, happy and excited, nevertheless stopped to help Mr. Bug. Young Bunny was rewarded when they passed Peter Woodchuck's stand, for Mr. Bug insisted on their stopping to partake of some fine carrots at his expense.



Getting ready
for Jack Frost



It was hilarious fun for
everyone

Sunny Bunny, who had been carefully wrapped up by his mother before starting, had lost his scarf long ago and did not even know it. It was such hilarious fun for all, and there was a race every moment, so it seemed.



A sled full of bugs was fast running away from the Bunny sled, and Sunny Bunny was calling to Young Bunny to hurry. Poor Young Bunny was doing his best.

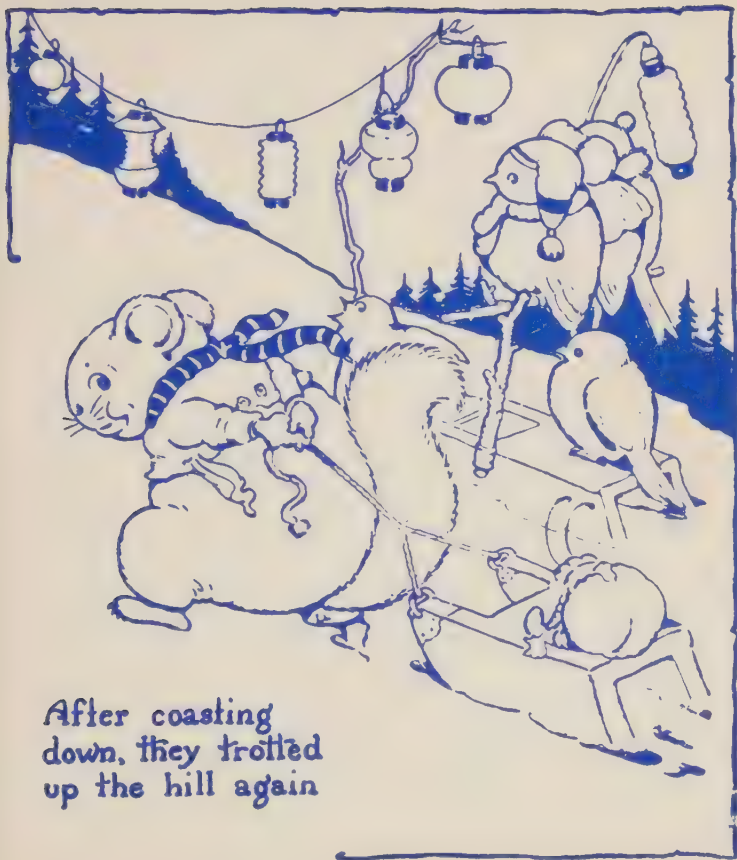


Saving a friend from the chilly waters

One little fellow, a reckless chap, had found himself in the chilly water, but willing friends were near at hand, and they pulled him out. But the Carnival Committee sent him home at once as an example to the other reckless coasters.



It really seemed as if everywhere one looked, one saw bunnies. Here is a very crowded group of them, very happy to be in it all and hoping the fun will never end. They are cousins of the Funny Bunnies, who hail them joyously as they pass each other. How they all shout and laugh at each other.



After coasting
down, they trotted
up the hill again

A very sober group is Old Mr. Owl's family. It is hard to think of them enjoying all this fun, but surely they must be, for the children cannot be coaxed to go home. Old Mr. Owl does not really coax very hard, for he is almost as anxious to stay.



Even the serious
owls enjoyed it all





The snow
birds were
always hungry

Long into the night the fun went on, the band playing all the time. How many times they must have all trotted up Butternut Hill after coasting down. But they did not seem to mind it. Only



Long into the night;
the fun went on
the Snow Birds had failed to share in the coast-
ing, but not at all in the food when it was served.



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THIS BOOK IS MINE
MY NAME I SIGN—
Richard Coe

Funny Bunny is very glad to
have you meet his friends, Ol'
Teacher Owl, Mr. Stump, Ol'
Mister Bear, and Old Dr. Beetle



And All the Folks of Butternut Hill

